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O hoar he-hulk! only this, only this; shall you become an angel at
the end?

Were you foreseen? Or were the fathers, the men of old, uneasy
feeders?

In Paradise your cauldron voice in song would surely drown the
tinkling of your lute?

Must you go? Farewell, then, friend, brother,—go, good friend,
For the fiends tempt me to bat upon you and see the bat rebound.

Enrique Cross.



Some More Nick Carter Letters

Esteemed Mr. Carter:

After reading in Europe of your exploits in books sold in the stores, I read of the exploits of your cousin, Dusa Carter, and your sister, the companion of Patsy. I was carried away by these books and decided to write you a letter. I am glad from the soul for your success.

Pupil of the 2nd class,

A. T.,

Smolensk.

P. S.—I am going to run away from Russia to America.

Deeply Esteemed and Dear Mr. Nick Carter:

After reading your remarkable adventures, my dear Mr. Nick Carter, we take the liberty to write you a letter and send you a hearty thanks for your wonderful exploits shown to all mankind. Oh! Mr. Carter, yesterday we read of the death of your companion, Mr. Pinkerton; our grief is inexpressible! Oh! How heavy I feel! You are a genius! We love you from the depths of your child-like heart. We would have much to write you, but on account of the strongly stirred thoughts we are completely lost and cannot find suitable words which would sufficiently express our feelings. For your sake we suffered much ridicule from our friends who dared to doubt the truth of your exploits, and we have decided to ask you to write us a few lines. Oh! with what impatience we shall await them! Write, do

as a divine grace and send us two of your photographs. Do not send one, for we would start to fight for it. Send us, for it does not cost you anything, Mr. Carter, but for us it is the greatest joy.

We remain yours, warmly loving and respecting,

V. and N.,

Town of Vitebsk, Russia.

To the Very Distinguished and Respectable Señor Carter:

Before communicating to you what I wish to ask, I should beg your pardon for the liberty that I take in troubling you with it. Señor, before everything I ought to tell you who I am and where I reside. I am a Spaniard, born in Barcelona, where I live and have always lived. I am in disgrace. My father, may he rest in peace, had promised me to a young man whom he thought honest and worthy of all appreciation. A little after this, my father falling ill, he promised to marry me before the death of my father. I let myself believe his words, my father died and my fiancé proved himself a man unworthy of being it. My mother and I set to work with great application to cope with our sad circumstances. But today, Mr. Carter, I find myself sad and disconsolate. I have lost all hope of bettering my circumstances, for work has become scarce in Barcelona, as in the rest of Spain. And having no confidence in anybody here, I see only one course open to me, and that is yourself, who know all the world, who are a noble gentleman meriting all respect for your talent and power, and who have a great and charitable heart; I have decided to write to you to ask from my soul for your protection and help, as far as that is possible. I pretend to nothing save work. It would suit me to leave Spain and it would not cause me too much pain if it were necessary to leave my mother, so long as I could send her sufficient to live on. Thus it is, Mr. Carter, that God having inspired me with faith, I place it all in your noble heart and pure sentiments, hoping you will judge me worthy of an answer. If this is not to be, I shall see myself forced to take a sad step, for that is all that lies before me.

I am, your attentive and obedient servant,

I. R.